

A N

E L E G Y

O N

The Much-Lamented D E A T H of the Reverend Father in God, Dr. *Thaddeus Mc. Dermot*, Priest of *St. Francis's Chappel* : Who departed this Transitory Life, on *Monday the 12th of this Inst. April, 1725*, And was Interr'd in *St. James's Church Yeard* with great Solemnity.

O Happy Shade ! If thou can'st now attend
The anxious wailings of thy once lov'd Friend,
If my sad plaints can to thy Ears aspire;
Amidst the Transports of the Heavenly Quire,
Be Deaf, one Moment, to Celestial Strains,

And hear me Sing of thee, and Sing of Pains.

Nor that I hope, that, my too humble Lays,
Can blaze thy Virtues, or Inhance thy Praise,
Enough thy Virtues in thy Life have Shone
Thy praise depends not, or on Verse or Stone,
Yet if thy Merits suffer by my Rhime,
Sure to bewail thee can't be thought a Crime,
Approve my Sorrows, and Condemn my Strain,
Let others praise thee — but let me Complain !

O why was he, whom e'ery Pow'r design'd,
At once to Charm and Cultivate Mankind,
With all that's Useful, all that cou'd delight
Thus, in a twinkling, ravish'd from our Sight.
Now, when our Hopes, with his Perfection grew,
And each new Day some Virtue bloom'd a new,
When Heav'n had ripen'd each mature design,
And seem'd to form him for a Charge Divine,
Ev'n then he fell — to Heav'n the Charge resign'd,
And left the World uncultivate behind !

The World still conscious of the well form'd Scheme,
Mourns its own loss, and Venerates his Name,

Epitaph.

HERE lies Inter'd now of Cold Earth a Part,
The justest, sondest and sincerest Heart ;
With Wisdom once repleted devoid of Art.
With all the Piety of Saints indu'd,
Foe to Morosness, ne'er devoutly Rude :
Easy his Virtues, not with Pride up-blown,
But with Familiar Excellence he shon,
Twas his, with strongest Energy to impart,
The Warmest Transports to the Coldest Heart :
When, fixt in Rapture at the Shrine he stood,
Breath'd up his Vows, and reconcil'd a God :
While Angels trembling at a Distance, bow
And fear'd to serve what he was call'd to doe :
When Heaven reveres, in Adoration bent,
A God the Offering, and the Priest a Saint.

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